Game On

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Game On

by sourweather

Summary

Based on a tweet I made:

After a night with Nigel, Will always has to come home, sit in Hannibal's lap, and tell him EVERYTHING. What they did, how it felt, every single detail. It almost Always ends in sex.

Notes

So I've started making Twitter Thread fics!!! I'll be reposting them all here but I'm making an effort to interact more with my readers on Twitter so please consider following me at Sourweather!!!!

Hannibal's posture straightens when the front door opens. Immediately, the scent of his lover floods in from the foyer. His usual scent of cedar and sweat-sharp salt is mingling with leather and cigarettes- an obvious tell that he's been with Nigel even if Hannibal hadn't known.

As Will creeps almost nervously into their living room, Hannibal detects more minutia in his aroma. Arousal, embarrassment. Anticipation. The two of them had an eventful evening, then.

"Hello, darling," Hannibal says politely, not looking up from the pages of his book.

"Hi," Will replies. He sounds distracted. A bit restless.

"Did you and Nigel enjoy yourselves?" He genuinely does want to know.

Will breathes out a small laugh. "Always."

He nods once before setting the book aside and uncrossing his legs. "Go on."

Hannibal is aware that their...arrangement is a bit unconventional. The scandalized glances that his and Will's associates cast one another when the subject of Nigel arises is not lost on him. Still, many facets of his life could be called unconventional, and all three of them enjoy it immensely, so he spares the abnormality no mind. It's simple, really. Will loves Hannibal. He loves Nigel. Both of them treat him well. Some nights they share him, others they do not. Everyone wins, so the saying goes.

Still, just because everyone wins does not mean that Hannibal and Nigel never become...competitive.

Will does as he always does after a night away, settling into the routine. He straddles Hannibal's hips, sitting in his lap. Hannibal observes the way he shifts. He looks uncomfortable. Did Nigel fuck him that roughly?

"Tell me what happened."

Will nods shakily, fidgeting again. It isn't his usual disposition during this, not anymore. The first few times Hannibal asked him to describe his activities with Nigel, he'd been a bit anxious. Eager, always, but anxious. Avoiding his eyes, all dark doe lashes and bitten lips, all *"H-he...I sucked his cock, and- it was good, I don't know"* until Hannibal had to pry the details from him. He hasn't exhibited this sort of awkwardness in some time. It makes him a bit nervous, if he's being entirely honest. He trusts Nigel not to hurt Will outside of consensual occasions, but his protective nature is immediately searching for signs of distress.

"He was being...very cocky tonight," Will says slowly. "I think he noticed the rope burn on my wrists from last night. Wanted to show off."

Hannibal tilts his head. "I see."

"He fucked me with the curtains drawn. I don't actually think anyone saw but they definitely could have."

It's then that Hannibal notices. Will is rock hard in his trousers. He smirks, reaches down and palms at his cock through the clothing. Will bites his lip.

"And how did that feel?"

He gasps. "Good." His hips twitch, pressing into Hannibal's palm. "Very good. Exciting. I was scared someone on the street would look up and see me. I...I *wanted* someone to see me. It was...good."

Hannibal hums curiously, still stroking Will as his other hand reaches to grope his ass. "Did he not let you come, darling?"

Will mewls, face flushing beautifully. "H-he did. More than once, actually."

He lifts his brows. "More than once, you say? And yet you seem so desperate."

Will doesn't respond. Just leans forward and hides his face in Hannibal's neck. Hannibal doesn't understand until he gropes Will a bit more firmly and it pulls forth a low moan. He shoves a hand down Will's pants and groans softly when he finds the base of a large plug.

"Oh, he shouldn't have," he says, tugging at the plug and making Will whimper.

Will undoes his belt, shoving his pants down his thighs. "Han, please."

Hannibal chuckles at his lover's neediness, removing the plug slowly and replacing it with his own fingers.

He freezes.

Ah, so that's his game.

"Filthy boy," he growls, thrusting his fingers through the mess Nigel had left for him to find. "Coming home to me, filled with his cum. Haven't you any shame?"

Will grinds into his fingers, a loose smirk rising to his lips. "You'll just have to fill me up yourself."

He licks his teeth, retaliation already forming. "I'll do more than that, darling. Come with me."

later that night, Nigel receives a text from Hannibal. It's a photo of Will's ass, his hole stretched and leaking with enough cum that Hannibal must've fucked him twice. He laughs. Game on, old man.

Nigel's already making plans for his next date with Will.

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